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FEW VETERANS OF THE AMERICAN LEAGUE



Old Timers Who Are Still in Harness.

Sam Crawford of the Detroit Tigers, who is slowing up somewhat, is surely a veteran of the American league. Sam has been with the Tigers continuously since 1903, when the National and American leagues signed the peace agreement. Other players of long service in the American league are Ed Walsh, who joined the White Sox in 1904, and "Terry" Turner, who joined the Cleveland club in 1904. The veterans of other clubs and the years in which they joined are as follows: Carrigan, Boston, 1906; Johnson, Washington, 1907; Fisher, New York, 1910; Austin, St. Louis, 1911.

NOTES of the DIAMOND

There is an old adage "everything breaks even," but it doesn't apply to baseball.

The fans in Toledo appreciate a good ball team, whether or not it is in the first division.

Connie Mack's pitcher, named, Johnson, is nicknamed Jing and hails from Ursinus college.

Catcher Lee Mills of Davenport has a badly broken leg and will be out of the game for two months at least.

Having exhausted every other alibi, the New York Giants switched benches at the Polo grounds—and they won.

The Indianapolis club announces that it has made a working agreement with the Chicago Cubs for exchange of players.

Clyde Russell, the college pitcher signed by Toronto, stipulated in his contract that he would not pitch games on Sunday.

The distance between New London and Bridgeport by rail isn't so great, but in the Eastern league standing it's some journey.

A pitcher named Apple allowed one hit in two nine-inning games at Little Rock the other day, but lost both. This lad's a pippin.

If Larry Doyle is going to do any leading of the National league swatters this year, now is the time for the Gotham captain to get busy.

Harold Crisp, one of Connie Mack's pitching recruits, is only seventeen years of age. He made his mark with a high-school team in Boston.

Connie Mack says he took Rube Oldring at his word when the outfielder announced that he had quit baseball for good, and gave him his release.

Josh Devore, released by Milwaukee, had a number of offers from minor league clubs. He decided to accept that of Topeka in the Western league.

Manager Rowland of the White Sox, it is said, has advised all his players to have their tonsils taken out. But why? They don't think with their tonsils.

The Cubs have only four good pitchers—Lavender, Vaughn, Packard and McConnell. Manager Tinker has lost faith in Hendrix, Seaton, Brown and Undergast.

Redder Gard, captain of the University of Indiana ball team, who was given a trial by Terre Haute, failed to show at the bat, though his fielding was high class.

Pitcher George Leclair has admitted that his desertion of Little Rock "to work in a munitions factory in Canada" was a bluff and he wants to get back in baseball again.

HARRY LORD IS POOR LOSER

Sport Writer on Lawrence Telegram Makes Reply to Ex-Manager's Strictures on Reporters.

Commenting on Harry Lord's strictures on baseball reporters, who are blamed by the ex-Lowell manager for his failure as a team leader, M. E. Lynch, in the Lawrence Telegram, writes:

"We cannot agree with Lord in his statement about the Lowell writers, as they have always, in our opinion, been loyal to baseball and big boosters for the Lowell club. They may have criticized, but probably justly, and with the sole purpose that such criticism might result in better things for the Lowell baseball public. Lord takes the appearance of a poor loser when he resorts to such a weak alibi for his failure.

"Baseball writers are the greatest assets the game has. Can you imagine how much interest there would be in baseball if all the writers laid up their typewriters and didn't write a single line about the game. The writers in the first place create the interest and then exploit the doings of the individual so that the interest is not allowed to die out, provided, of course, the players do their share. When the players fall down, then the interest dies out.

"In nearly every instance a baseball writer is a fan. Personally he wants



Harry Lord.

to do all he can to promote the game, and every line he writes is a boost. When he criticizes he does so because he feels that it's warranted—there are no ulterior motives behind his criticisms, merely a struggle to remedy conditions that are not satisfactory to the baseball public at large."

Umpire Quigley to Quit. Report from St. Louis has it that Umpire Ernest Quigley will quit his job with the National league after the present season to accept the position of manager of athletics at St. Louis university.

Johany Evers' Layoff. According to report Johany Evers' layoff may be somewhat extended. He has in addition to a lame leg and a sore arm a bad case of nerves.

UMPIRES RESORT TO SIGNALS

Arbiter Behind Plate Is Enabled to Pass Judgment on Fly Balls Caught in Outfield.

A few years ago signals between umpires were practically unknown. This year the system is advanced to almost the proportions of the baseball team signals, writes S. E. McCarty, in Pittsburgh Leader. Umpires must work in harmony, and often, very often, one umpire makes a decision on a play that the other umpire has ruled on. The umpire at the plate must rule on whether a ball is caught or not in the outfield. On a trapped ball this is difficult. This year the field umpire has been instructed to pay particular attention to trapped balls. He forgets the base runner and gets as close to the fielder as possible, on a close play of that kind. He immediately flashes a signal to the umpire at the plate and the latter makes the ruling, even though it is possible he did not see the play, on account of players running between him and the ball. In some of the parks, especially right field in New York, it is practically impossible for a plate umpire to see the ball after it leaves the bat. A hit to right field is difficult to judge, even from first base, as at times it looks like it hits into the stands and bounces out; other times like it hits the wall, when in fact, it has gone into the stands. Yet the plate umpire must rule on the plays. Plays at third base are left very largely to the signal system, too.

BATTING SLUMP OF M'INNIS

For First Time in Years Average of Athletics' First Baseman Is Way Below .300 Mark.

One of the baseball mysteries of the season has been the batting slump of Stuff McInnis. For five seasons the



Stuff McInnis.

Athletics' first baseman has been a paragon for consistent hitting. Season in and season out he has batted above the .300 mark, always around the same figures. He batted .301 in 1910, .321 in 1911, .321 in 1912, .321 in 1913, .314 in 1914 and .314 in 1915—a remarkable record for a player who will be only twenty-six years old next September. This year Stuff has been in a fearful slump, his average being below the .200 mark.

"SLIDING GLOVE" IS NOT NEW

Chick Gandil Causes Sensation in Using Mitt to Protect Hand—Roy Thomas Also Wore One.

Chick Gandil created a sensation in Cleveland recently by using a "sliding glove." Cleveland writers declare that such a thing as a "sliding glove" was never seen at a ball game in that city before. Gandil has a badly bruised hand, and he covered it with a well-padded glove for protection in case he was called upon to slide.

A "sliding glove" may be a novelty nowadays, although it would not be a new sight. When Roy Thomas played with the Phillies he wore a "sliding glove" which not only covered his hand, but also covered his arm, even beyond the elbow.

Pitchers Worry Herzog. That pitching staff of the Reds is giving Charlie Herzog a lot of worry. He is trying to find some way to strengthen it, but it is almost an impossibility to get a good pitcher now.

One of the causes for Charley Wagner's dismissal at Harvard was that he let Waite Hoyt, the schoolboy pitcher secured from the New York Giants go without a trial.

ITALIANS CHECK AUSTRIAN DRIVE

Count Cadorna's Victory Is Being Compared to Battle of Marne.

FOUGHT FOR FORTY DAYS

Italians Fight With Backs to Long Line of Precipices Over Which Onslaughts of Enemy Threatened to Hurl Them.

By A. BEAUMONT.

Milan. — Italians are comparing Count Cadorna's great victory, when he checked the Austrian drive from the Trentino and threw the foe back headlong, to the Battle of the Marne. I have just learned new details of this action.

The defending army at the moment the drive began, I am assured, amounted hardly to two divisions (40,000 to 60,000 men). They had to hold the enemy in check until a powerful army of offense could be concentrated at their back.

The ground thus heroically contested was a tortuous line of Alpine peaks, the chief of which, after the famous Monte Pasubio, were the summits of Fornal, Alti, Monte Alba, Monte Novogna, Monte Pau, Monte Magnaboschi, Cima Echar and Monte Lissar.

Fought Furiously.

A young officer, who was at Monte Lissar only a few days ago, gave me a graphic account of these positions. The retreating battle had been fought furiously, almost night and day, for 40 days. The enemy was already gaining glimpses over the mountain passes of the smiling plains of Vicenza below.

The Italian soldiers were fighting with their backs to a long line of precipices, over which the furious and incessant onslaught of the desperate enemy, whose numbers seemed inexhaustible, threatened to hurl them.

Suddenly there came a feeling of relief. Sledge-hammer blows were being dealt to the Austrians on the extreme right and left wings. The enemy's attack in the center instantly became less resolute, and the Italian troops, who had hitherto been retreating, found to their joy that they were backed by huge lines of impregnable defenses, prepared during those 40 days, and masses of troops and artillery were eager to come forward and take the places of the brave men who had so long defended the danger-line.

Hours passed in eager expectation. The last scene in the preparation was the arrival of the guns. They were towed up the mule paths; dragged up by sheer work of hand to seemingly inaccessible summits. Ammunition trains stood thickly behind, waiting to unload.

Swarm Up Mountain.

Thousands upon thousands of troops were swarming up the mountain slopes. New roads sprang into existence where none had been before. Batteries made their appearance where only eagles had built their nests, and the last desperate skirmish on Monte Lemerle and Magnaboschi had scarcely subsided when hundreds of Italian guns opened fire with an infernal chorus.

Shells flew thick and heavy from the lines between Monte Pau and Monte Stremel, across the valley of Asiago, and word came that the Austrians were yielding and falling back.

The Italian infantry immediately took up the pursuit. They rushed down the mountain slopes, raising their war cry of "Savoy," and occupied Cesuma and Gallo. Thence they spread along the roads of the entire

695-POUND TUNA CAPTURED

Monster Taken in Net Seven Miles Off Block Island—Much Larger Than California's.

Newport, R. I.—Few people realize that the coast adjacent to Rhode Island boasts fish larger than those off the shores of California. Such is the case, however, and Capt. Hugh L. Willoughby, who has just returned from a trip to Block Island in his motorboat Sea Otter, tells a reporter that he weighed a monster tuna fish which tipped the scales at 695 pounds.

"Yes," said Captain Willoughby, "we have an affidavit as to the weight. California's tuna fish never exceed 300 pounds." The big fish was caught in a fisherman's net about seven miles southeast of Block Island and had to be speared before being prepared for shipment to New York. Meanwhile the fisherman is trying to figure out whether the price of the monster will pay to repair his nets.

"As regards sharks," said Captain Willoughby, "I believe that there never

valley, re-entered Asiago, and continued the pursuit of the enemy on Monte Longara, to the north, and Monte Cengio, to the south.

And everywhere the Austrians were found in full retreat, or offering only a weak resistance.

The enemy has set fire to the little mountain villages and hamlets, and is falling back upon the immediate defenses of Rovereto. Thus the first fugitives of the defeated army are returning to this town, whence they had set out 40 days ago on their "punitive expedition," with the punishment turning against themselves.

BOYS PUMP THE WELL DRY

Wanted to See a Water Wheel Work and Left Their Play—Clever Work of Citizen.

Brazil, Ind.—Finding that surface water running into his well had made the water impure, a citizen of Brazil started to pump his well dry. After pumping half an hour in the hot sun, he gave up the job.

Then he made a miniature water wheel, which he attached to the end of a trough. After he had attracted the attention of several boys who were playing on a vacant lot, he went to his work. When he returned in the evening, the boys had pumped the well dry, to see the wheel go round.

FRANCE HAS NEW AIR DAREDEVIL

Former Cavalryman Performs Astonishing Feats of Valor With Aeroplane.

IS MANY TIMES DECORATED

Pronounced Permanently Disabled After Smash-Up, He Steals Machine and Goes Forth to New Deeds of Heroism.

Paris.—Nungesser, the latest airman to be revealed to us as a prince among pilots, is a great, big, heavy fellow, fat-faced and cumbersome of build.

He was a cavalryman in the Second Hussars when he started his career, and the war was not a month old before he distinguished himself.

His squadron was cut off and surrounded in the retreat from Charleroi. The troop commander was lying helpless, badly wounded. Nungesser bore him to shelter. Getting a few stragglers together, he ambushed a German staff motor car, killed its occupants, put his wounded officer inside, and taking the wheel set off on a wild dash through the enemy's lines. The car was a powerful Mercedes, and the way Nungesser let her all out and tore through the whole ranks of Germans earned for him the epithet of "Dash to Death."

Nungesser was subsequently promoted quartermaster, awarded the military medal, and permanently appointed army chauffeur.

Takes to Flying.

Nungesser later handed in his resignation and declared that unless he was put into the flying corps he would take his place in the trenches. He already had a pilot's ticket, and after a week or two of training was passed as good for military aviation.

Between April and August, 1915, he took part in 53 bombing expeditions, three of which secured him fresh mentions in dispatches. Returning from the last, he captied a German Albatross over Nancy, went for it, despite the handicap of his heavy, slow machine, insufficiently armed for sin-

were any two varieties, such as common and man-eating sharks. "The menhaden fishing industry has cleaned the waters of the food for the sharks and they are hungry. Any shark will eat human beings in this state."

MORE BOY BABIES IN CANADA

Since War Began the Birth Rate of Female Babies Has Decreased.

Winnipeg, Man.—More Canadian male babies have been born than ever before since Canada went to war, and illegitimacy has greatly decreased during the war period.

Vital statistics show that in the 23 months 11,794 babies were born. Of these 6,170 were boys and 5,624 girls. During the preceding 23 months 5,710 boys and 5,884 girl babies were born. During the war period 561 illegitimate babies have been born, while the highest of any preceding 23 months show 720 babies born out of wedlock. All figures are based on reports from the city of Winnipeg.

HERO OF POZIERES



Gen. Sir William B. Birdwood, commander of the Australian troops who captured Pozieres from the Germans after desperate fighting.

gle combat, and shot down the invader. This achievement brought him into prominence and he was promoted to the crack chasing corps. Before the end of the year he had been made chevalier of the Legion of Honor.

A side slip at Bue, however, when trying a new type of machine, almost cost him his life. He was picked up for dead, with a fractured skull, a broken jaw, nearly all his ribs broken, the muscles of the legs torn away.

Nungesser refused to accept the doctor's decision that he was permanently disabled; he declined to take three months' convalescence, if he ever wanted to be of any use again—and almost stealing a machine, he soared aloft, and never came down until he had accounted for a German aeroplane.

Given His Own Way. After this he was allowed to have his own way. He could scarcely talk, owing to the necessity of binding up his jaw, his head was swathed in bandages, he had to be lifted in and out of his aeroplane, but he was a perfect demon once aloft. He then became a sub-lieutenant.

This was at the end of March and the beginning of April last. On April 25 he engaged, single-handed, three Fokkers, brought down one and gave the others a severe mauling. A week later he was swooped down upon by a flotilla of six Fokkers. He had one down before they could get his range almost, and then sailed at full speed right into the midst of the others.

They were unable to fire, for fear of hitting one another, whereas he pounded them hard until he had not a shot left, then by mastery of aim, he showed them a clean pair of heels. They were in such a state that they did not dare follow him, which was lucky, for he had not gone a mile or two before his engine went all to pieces. Seven balls had gone through it, and only a couple of cylinders still had any go in them. He had dropped to under 3,000 feet, and was limping lamely as he crawled back over the German trenches.

The storm of shells missed him all the same and he made home safely. One shot had gone through his helmet and grazed the top of his head, another had carried away the heel of his slipper, 27 had struck the plane and done various kinds of damage without counting those in the engine.

THIS OLD WOMAN MAKES HAY

Although Eighty-Four Years Old Mrs. Nellie France Can Mow and Has a Fine Garden.

Cookeville, Tenn.—Mrs. Nellie France, aged eighty-four, who lives near Beaver Hill, mowed hay last week. "Aunt Nellie" enjoys remarkably good health. She has a splendid garden which she has made herself, doing all of the hoeing.

While her hay was being mowed she went to the hay field and asked permission to drive the mower, which was being pulled by two large mules. Her request being granted, she made several rounds in the large hay field. She did the work with steady nerve and insisted upon driving longer, but the overseer, fearing that she would overexert herself, prevailed upon her not to do so.

The day following, however, she donned her sunbonnet and went back to the hay field and raked all day. She frequently rides horseback from her home to Monterey, a distance of eight miles.